

SELECTION

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❖ p o e m s ❖

— BY —

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*Having been requested by a number of friends to have my poems published in book form, I have acceded to their wish, and trust that this, my first effort, will be favourably received by the public.*

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## TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Venerable Lady thy reign's been most tranquil,  
The Crown shone in splendour o'er Thy peaceful head,  
Tho' bereaved in Thy youth of faithful Prince Albert  
Thy Heart was then broken for Him that is dead.

Thy reign peaceful Lady before the world shining,  
Like a star in the sky of dazzling light,  
Thy kind tender Heart with love entwining,  
Thy charitable deeds shine clear and bright.

The heart of all Britons beat high for their Sovereign  
Who looks to their rights o'er sea and o'er land,  
When diplomacy fails the Union Jack leading,  
Is despatched on the en'my a well armed band.

Thy Grand-Child's children, Thou hast lived to see  
Cling round thy ever loving knee,  
God has blessed Thy reign good Queen,  
No fairer Monarch on earth is seen.



Sixty-two years thou hast seen, loved Victoria,  
In this mortal sphere with a Crown o'er thy Brow,  
Heaven grant many happy Birth Days returneth,  
To our loved Queen and peaceful as now.

Long years may you live to adorn the Sceptre,  
Many happy years may you grace the Throne,  
All hail to Victoria the World's greatest Monarch,  
Where e'er your flag hovers, there we find a home.

Ye bells chime out in honor  
The twenty-fourth of May,  
May long years with us dawn on Her,  
Our beloved Queen's Birth Day.

#### TO THE RIVER.

Thoughts creep in my brain as I sit on thy margin,  
And think of the days here I passed long ago,  
Heedless of all the great changes before me,  
Idly I list to thy innocent flow.

'Tis eve and I'm here all alone in the twilight,  
The Moon's my companion and bright shines her rays,  
As I gaze on the past, nothing seems lasting—  
But the river runs on as it did in those days.

I find myself here on the banks of the river,  
Where oft in the past I have list to thy flow,  
Ah ! where are the old folk that guided my footsteps ?  
In deaths cold repose 'neath the yew lying low.

Every stone on the banks of thy sparkling water,  
Reminds me of some pleasant dreams in the past,  
Oh, rippling river flow on in the moonlight,  
All I would wish if this dream could but last.

In my mind, pleasant memories arise when I view thee,  
Where school-mates and I whiled hours so bright,  
The scen'ry around here, all seems unaltered,  
Those thoughts fill my brain as I stand here to-night.

Farewell ; for a while sweet murm'ring streamlet,  
As duty commands me to leave thy lone brink,  
Where e'er I may wander in scenes of the gayest,  
My thoughts with this river oft shall be linked.

## TO AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.

Dear Face, all thy lineaments brings back to my mem'ry.

The sweet dream of love I had once for thee,  
Tho' fate has decreed, our lives must be severed,  
This perfect picture is still dear to me.

The smile is there, as plain as when  
I told my Idol her I loved.  
The eye beams just as brightly,  
The lip is stern unmoved.

How oft have I gazed on thy sparkling eye,  
And gave every thought of my heart to thy keeping,  
My happiness perfect when thou wert nigh,  
Thou art gone, I am left with thy photo now weeping.

I've treasured it now for nearly three Autumns,  
A consolation in this picture I find,  
As daily in rapture I while away hours,  
And in the calm even' the past fills my mind.

When clear from the worries of business troubles,  
 The world has no charm for me where e'er I go,  
 Away from the throng and this Photograph with me,  
 The world with its pleasures I care not to know.

To thy home in my pocket book there I'll return it  
 Let it list to ev'ry fond throb of my heart,  
 At Morn or at Even or in the bright sunlight.  
 Till death will this Photo and I never part.

#### **THE DYING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.**

Slipping away, from our grasp is this Century,  
 Each day its nearing the roll of the dead,  
 How bright it has been to some of her children,  
 Others by sorrows link have been led.

Literature's light has made vast endeavors.  
 Its glow o'er Creation shines like a star,  
 Distinguished linguists this Century claims also,  
 Their writings so brilliant spread near and far.

The ocean now rolls o'er the magical cable,  
As if nothing goes on neath its bright dashing spray,  
But science has made the lone bed of Coral,  
Electricity's home in this Century's Day.

We have also the great railway carriage,  
That is given to man to speed on his way,  
The Motor Carriage this age can boast also.  
The patent just now is making headway.

The great Ocean Liners, this age, we have floating,  
Are huge when compared with the ships in the past,  
The Builders to-day o'er each speed all are gloating,  
Each owner wants his ship to make voyages fast.

Electricity now shines bright in the homestead,  
It takes place of the Kerosene lamps and the Gas,  
This Century has given us many a token,  
Which will ne'er be forgot as its days quickly pass.

This Century can boast of very brave Heroes,  
 Of hearts patriotic and true to the cause,  
 Ne'er flinching from cannon, sword or the foe,  
 And strictly adhering to country and laws.

Eighteen months hence will this century vanish,  
 Away in the tomb ne'er to return,  
 Oft we shall think and ne'er try to banish,  
 Fond memories departed, for them do we yearn.

Happy the hours we passed in thy reigning,  
 What a pity, so soon thou'lt be buried from sight  
 May nineteen hundreth be ushered to all mankind living,  
 Prosperous serene may its future be bright.

**S. S. ROTTERDAM.**

There's a signal on the block-house,  
 'Tis a Steamship broken down,  
 She's entering the narrows,  
 With iron bows all gone.

And as you view her closely,  
She's the oil tank "Rotterdam,"  
That met disaster to her hull,  
Experienced more storms than calm.

When making golden markets,  
Those seekers on their way,  
Gone high and dry upon our rocks,  
Find refuge in our Bay.

They should praise John Cabot loudly,  
'Twas he found out the land,  
That guides the shipwrecked mariner,  
Gives them a port at their command.

Our harbor now is this ships home,  
Saved from the surging threat'ing foam.  
Good luck has guided her off the rock,  
And gave her a chance to try our dock.

She's finished and steams on with pride.  
 A treasured barque along the tide,  
 A credit to our sons of toil,  
 Fit to stem the seas tho' they may boil.

She's steaming out the Narrows,  
 Looking staunch all right,  
 They thank the eternal Deity,  
 That sheltered them that night.

To raging seas and watery graves,  
 Just think how near they were,  
 Mistaken Point near witnessed,  
 Another sad affair.

### SPRING.

The birds are singing gaily,  
 The Sun shines bright as gold,  
 The warm soft air of springtime,  
 Takes place of winter cold.



The roses bloom in splendor,  
The lilies stately tall,  
Know well the sun is nearer,  
And dread the dreary fall.

Simple little buttercups,  
Thy reign we all love dear,  
As we recall each springtime,  
And the daisies blooming fair.

Oh, choicest time of seasons,  
When nature blooms so bright,  
When daylight tarries longest,  
And short are dark hours of night.

#### TOPSAIL BEACH.

How oft I've strolled down by the beach,  
And watched the tides great ebb and flow,  
And saw the Yacht tack, Belle Isle reach,  
As bird she flies, sails white as snow.

I strayed along, the time forgot  
To muse on some sweet hallowed scene,  
No place on earth a dearer spot,  
Than this famed beach the past to gleam,

To wander on this sanded walk,  
When sunshine dances on your way,  
Or when the moon her bright light lends,  
And flits across Conception Bay.

I've watched the setting sun at eve,  
In glory's splendor sink from view,  
I stood admiring, loathe to leave  
The heavenly star decked sky of blue.

No Artist's brush, could give the glow,  
That nature painted where I stand,  
The murm'ring tuneful sea below,  
It well might tempt Angelo's hand.

Each pebble of this health resort,  
Is well known to our Island round,  
Another addition to the scene,  
Is Bell Island with rich treasure bound.

I often stood on Topsail Beach,  
And fondest memories there stole o'er,  
Grand landscape far as eye could reach,  
With Sea Gulls flying to the shore.

#### MEMORIES.

Sweet memories steal o'er my thoughts to-night,  
As I gaze on the moonlit sky,  
They speak of the days and the friends we loved,  
That are linked with years gone bye.

Just a year ago this Christmas,  
I was home with friends all round,  
Now in strange lands I sit and ponder,  
Naught can a place like home be found.

## AN OPINION ON FRIENDSHIP.

This world is varied in opinions,  
Some like the name of friendship well,  
Others think the word a false delusion,  
Money makes the roll of friendship swell.

If short your pockets for a dollar,  
Then you'll find your friends are few,  
In fact your mem'ry cannot follow,  
Any friend to oblige you.

Friendships name is but a burlesque,  
When reverse takes the place of gain,  
Your friends forget such a being liveth,  
In oblivion you then remain.

It tells you plainly in this world,  
Independence is man's greatest friend,  
While youth doth last make a stride,  
Work briskly and have money to lend.

Then friends you can count by the thousand,  
 Each night engagements become a pest,  
 In any gath'ring you'll be chosen,  
 A fitted man an honored guest.

**TO HIS LORDSHIP, THE MOST REV. DR. HOWLEY,  
 BISHOP OF AMASTRIA  
 AND WEST NEWFOUNDLAND, 1892.**

On thy bright head the Mother Church,  
 Hast placed the mitre grand,  
 On Saint John's day in bright array,  
 In this your native land.

A more illustrious prelate,  
 Never graced a throne,  
 And as a zealous churchman,  
 Thou could'st not be out shone.

Thou a Theologian,  
An artist of high fame,  
Thou a diplomatist,  
Your Church and God your aim.

The West Coast of Newfoundland,  
Has all she wants in thee,  
With thy untiring energy,  
Her foremost rank shall be.

And when the iron horse shall plough,  
Through the valley of Codroy,  
There shall capitalists visit,  
Thy rivers with much joy.

God prosper Thee our noble Liege,  
Terra Nova's gifted Son,  
May blessings from the throne of God,  
Your Mitred Head rest on.

## ON TIME.

Oh ! Speed on you can't delay,  
Or wait on creatures here below,  
We pray thee for a moment stay,  
But on you speed, "time cannot slow."

Where are the hours lent to us,  
As days go by we look around,  
Into oblivion's darkened tomb,  
Where might-have-been's and if's abound.

The wise man use to-day as his,  
The morrow comes you can't call back,  
The previous day you might have done  
Some famous deed you idly lacked.

We peep in mem'ry's written page,  
And see there, plainly to the eye  
Familiar forms, endearing scenes,  
And wonder how the years flit by.

Twelve months flit by unnoticed,  
And are numbered with the dead,  
Did we spend time to advantage,  
Have we our hearts to heaven led.

Speed onward, ever onward,  
Oh ! time both day and night,  
We'd readily ask some questions,  
If we could stay thy flight.

“ Where rollest all our hours away ? ”  
Ourselves those question's ask,  
Into Eternity's endless tomb,  
Does conscience take the task ?

To use our time as it was given,  
To prepare for age when youth is past,  
And pave our path the road to Heaven,  
Where peace, contentment always last.



**A WELCOME TO SIR H. McCALLUM,  
GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND.**

Welcome brave Son of Britain,  
To our rock bound but dearly loved land,  
You came from the home of our Sovereign,  
To rule o'er our Isle Newfoundland.

S. S. Ontario arrived with the sunlight,  
Beaming its rays o'er thy head,  
May it shine on your pathway forever,  
Wherever your footsteps be led.

Africa's clime thou hast tasted,  
Great is the change for you here,  
We give you ten thousand welcomes,  
Brave Soldier and staunch Volunteer.

The very first act of your reigning,  
Made you dear to the sons of our land,  
To visit our Seal-hunting Steamers,  
And see how they are managed and manned.

Cheer after cheer wafted loudly,  
As you visited ship after ship,  
Wishing God speed on their journey,  
All blessings and bumper trips.

And your Lady that comes from the Emerald Isle,  
We heartily welcome with cheer and with smile,  
May Providence tend you as passes each year,  
With happiness to you and your children dear.

May prosperity attend every action,  
Of your's while you sojourn here,  
In Britain's oldest Colony,  
To every Son so dear.

**PARTED.**

We loved as other lovers did,  
We walked in moonlight's brightest hours,  
Those were happy spent by me,  
My path was strewn with choicest flowers.

He sent me sweet forget-me-nots,  
Entwined with roses wet with dew,  
Remembrance need not ask from me,  
In mem'ry's annals he's always new.

He was told a suitor won my hand,  
Some jealous thoughts beset his heart,  
He left his own loved home and friends,  
Sad was the day we had to part.

He thought he was forgot by me,  
Fierce jealous thoughts did haunt and blind,  
But still he lives in memory,  
For aye he's ever in my mind.

His photo now is dear to me,  
Far dearer than all else beside,  
The loving tokens which I hold,  
I would not part for this world wide.

The golden circlet which he gave,  
This souvenir I dearly prize,  
Those days to come again I crave,  
But the Lord hath willed it otherwise.

The good bye on the pier that day,  
Fresh in my mind shall ever live,  
The waving 'kerchief to the wind,  
The sighs a parting heart can give.

His dear form now lies in the dust,  
Mould'ring on a foreign shore,  
If I could but see his grave,  
I'd strew with pansies o'er and o'er.

## TO THE OCEAN.

As the ship glides along o'er thy bosom,  
I admire thy beauty so mild,  
Thy blue expanse before us,  
Who'd imagine thee sometimes so wild ?

Every ripple that runs by our steamer,  
Makes me sigh for a home by the sea,  
No sweeter music, none keener  
Than Atlantic's low murm'ring sea.

Oh ! calm in thy grandeur blue ocean,  
Rolling recklessly on to the shore,  
Now how tranquil and peaceful thy motion,  
I doubt thou canst boisterously roar.

As I lean o'er the rail of our greyhound,  
And skimming away o'er the deep,  
I think Neptune thy scen'ry the grandest,  
While the stars a strict vigil keep.

Ocean, I'd fain live on thy surface,  
 There romantic thoughts fill my brain,  
 As I gaze on thy placid blue waters,  
 In my heart they shall ever remain.

### HOPE.

Hope like a bird cheers the mariner's journey,  
 No matter how long the voyage may be,  
 Tho' boiling, foaming billows threaten wildly,  
 That anchor, hope, calms all anxiety.

The hope of sunshine, storm abating quickly,  
 The prospect of the morrow morn more clear,  
 The hope of seeing their good ships make headway,  
 To home, to loved ones, whom they cherish dear.

So on, in every pathway hope's the beacon,  
 That lights the bold sailor in the midst of storm,  
 Trusts for the sunshine, tho' the clouds seem gath'ring,  
 Cheers the downcast shipmate all forlorn.

Cherishing hope you brighten our footsteps,  
To live without thee would be madness to try,  
Tho' the sun of prosperity shine not at morn,  
It may illumine all hopes e'er the day wane and die.

Tho' often we gaze on the lead clouds above us,  
We think that the stars refuse their light,  
Hope comes to our refuge, we trust that the new day  
Will dawn with prosperity cheerful and bright.

The darkest of clouds have their linings of silver,  
No matter how they obscure the bright light,  
Each one should hope on in this weary journey.  
When least we expect come our wishes to sight.

Never despair tho' luck be a stranger,  
Some day you'll see 'twas all for the best,  
Sometimes ill-luck shields us from danger,  
Hope on in all cases fate does the rest.

**AN AMERICAN MOTHER WELCOMES HER SON  
FROM THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.**

Welcome my boy from the loud din of battle,  
To the arms that entwined thy dear form in thy youth,  
You were proud of your birth-place since you could prattle,  
You fought for your country with honor and truth.

The hour your battle ship sank from my gazing,  
A prayer to the Father that is righteous and just,  
Went up from my heart to his goodness and mercy,  
For America's motto is "In God we trust."

Always remember my son through your life time,  
Be ready to fight for your country and cause,  
Volunteer the first signal your flag's insulted,  
Rush to its rescue, stay not to pause.



I am proud of my son to be classed as a hero,  
With comrades that nobly risked life for their land,  
And willing again should their country require them,  
To leave their loved homesteads by their flag bravely stand.

Give loud praise to Dewey your valiant commander,  
That unfurled our flag o'er Manilla's rich soil.  
Float out stars and stripes in your honored dominion,  
That's won for our nation by her sons so loyal.

May the good ship Olympia be saved from the en'my,  
When in other seas duty bids her to roam,  
The pride of our nation as she journeys onward,  
That brought back our heroes with vict'ry home.

Let history's page pay a tribute to Gillis,  
A hero that faced dread torpedo's fierce wrath,  
For the lives of his comrades who were in danger,  
And turned the destructor away from their path.

On the top of the billows was sent this torpedo,  
To wreck and destroy their fine iron clad,  
'Twould have done its work but for our brave hero,  
They all owe their lives to this gallant young lad.

God prosper Wainright Sampson and Scheley,  
Who did nobly protect stars and stripes with each life,  
Likewise Hobson, Shafter and brave ensign Powell,  
Who acted so daring when called in the strife.

#### TO A YOUNG POLITICIAN.

Dear friend when your booked for political sailing,  
Be ready to face ev'ry storm that will blow,  
You may meet calm and sunshine it's all a lottery,  
No use to be wailing wherever you go.

Ev'ry man that will stand on the platform beside you,  
Soliciting the public to head you the poll,  
Recommending you to any important district,  
And ever and anon your praises extol.

Ev'ry man you will meet his support he will promise,  
You will think his vote is ready for you,  
Be sure not to trust one no matter what motive,  
May possess pretence to be honest and true.

That's all very well, in the booth room you'll prove him,  
His friendship you'll know when the poll is declared,  
And one thing is certain, you'll not be the first one,  
That thought he had friends till Election Day neared.

Such are the delights of all politicians,  
To hear themselves flattered where e'er they may go,  
If such is not the case don't worry or trouble,  
Be prepared for all storms what e'er point they blow.

## TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

As a statesman William Gladstone,  
Had a superior heart and mind,  
He was calm, collect, considerate—  
Rare in mankind to find.

A liberal heart was his to own,  
Ne'er thought of self the while,  
But gave all thoughts to Britain's cause,  
And the good old Shamrock Isle.

Ne'er shall a British heart forget,  
As through the world he goes,  
Their statesman William Gladstone,  
And their emblem the white rose.

In Parliament with honors, thou  
For years held seat with pride,  
A credit to your nation,  
Known o'er earth far and wide.

With pleasure thou can'st view the past,  
A brilliant grand career,  
The weight of many sunsets  
Shows on thy whitened hair.

We hear thro' the Cable with sadness,  
That thy strength is fast ebbing away.  
Thy country is losing a statesman,  
Not easy to replace to-day.

### BLACK EYES.

Oft' have I been asked a question,  
What color eyes would favor gain ?  
A simple query, still not as easy  
As one would think to explain.

Fancy oft' doth steal to black eyes,  
Yes just as black as of a sloe,  
In their depth real truth lies,  
Tho' blue eyes oft' great power know.

Sincerity lies in all eyes,  
That is if owner is sincere,  
No matter blue, black or grey,  
The eye display's the owner fair.

The eye oft' speak as plain as words,  
Each glance goes near to tell the mind,  
Like weather glass information mute,  
We know it will tell if change the wind.

So really it is hard to tell,  
The eye that's fancied most to-day,  
In hazel eyes there is a spell,  
But black eyes chase all tears away.

**SPAIN.**

Sunny Spain where clouds are strangers,  
    Gifted land of song and love,  
Home of a boy King midst dangers,  
    And gentle as a turtle dove.

Spain where Sun thy pathway's guilded,  
    Ne'er forgets to shine on thee, ·  
Tho' battle claimed from thee thy Cuba,  
    And drained thy life's blood on the Sea.

War shall not frighten Alphonso's offspring,  
    When year's and wisdom he will own,  
The boy aspirant to the Kingdom,  
    A warrior will be when he is grown.

The fairest on earth, an Eden of beauty,  
Where blossoms the Vine, the Olive and Lime,  
You may wander mid Orange groves careless of duty,  
Oft' there I've tarr'ied heedless of time.  
Yes hours flew by in your fair sunny Eden,  
Worry nor trouble cant live while your there,  
One seems to forget the world's weary battle,  
All should be calm in this paradise fair.

#### TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

On thy pearly white forehead oft lay this sweet ringlet,  
A keepsake I got it from one that I love,  
Tis tiny, I prize it a gift everlasting,  
My darling is reigning in realms above.  
How oft I admired this sweet flowing ringlet,  
That gracefully answered each breath of wind,  
These dear shining tresses are ever before me,  
The face of the owner ne'er leaves my mind.



Sweet little curl adornment of nature,  
 As it lay o'er thy brow it shone bright as gold,  
 Tho' from sight Thou art taken, my heart nearly breaking,  
 The love of the writer will ne'er grow cold.

I live in the hope, some day to be with you,  
 Where no death bell will sound again in mine ear,  
 This world is to me a blank since I lost you,  
 My only comfort is thy sweet lock of hair.

**IN MEMORY OF MISS M. WHITEWAY,**  
**Daughter of the Right Hon. Sir W. V. Whiteway, who died**  
**in South Africa.**

A fathers heart **is** saddened **now**,  
 And grief's burden **hangs** o'er **his** brow,  
 God will strengthen him **to** bear  
 The loss of that loved child **so** dear.

On Africa's shore withered that flower,  
    Away from her loved native land,  
Nipped in the bud stolen from the bower,  
    What's harder than death's cold hand.

Mary's look, her voice, its tone  
    Did brighten up a father's home,  
As ill health grew weak her frame,  
    The smile was on her lips the same.

As if in days not long ago,  
    Her countenance was all aglow,  
Nature's beauty well did grace,  
    The light upon her beaming face.

We'll lay thy dear form in the church yard,  
    Where oft we'll visit that loved spot,  
Where sleeps the household idol calmly,  
    Thou'll never never be forgot.

We'll plant the roses o'er the mound dear,  
We'll lay the lilies o'er thy breast,  
We'll shed for aye the saddened tear,  
And pray for thy loved soul to rest.

**TO AN ABSENT ONE.**

Does Neptune claim all thoughts from me,  
Each day and night on the dark blue sea,  
Mine are thine from morn till night,  
Reigning forever in thy sight.

Deep seas now roll twixt thee and me,  
On ocean's swell thou rolle'st free,  
Soon wilt thou sight thy own dear land,  
Where thou wert taught first to stand.

When thy photo I oft view,  
The days of friendship doth renew,  
Some soft fair winds may waft you here,  
We'll give you Caed Mille faltha dear.

**TO LORD KITCHENER,**  
**Hero of Omdurman.**

Brave Kitchener of Omdurman fame,  
Thy country glories in thy name,  
The venture you so nobly dared,  
Your stout heart never quailed nor feared.

Lord Kitchener on the darkest night,  
Thine eyes shone brightest of the bright,  
For the enemy you sought and got,  
For Gordon's rights you laid the plot.

Thy name to Britain is as dear,  
As a child's first lisp to a mother's ear,  
Thy manly deeds each day we hear,  
Thy noble warlike grand career.

Thou hast proposed a college,  
In that remote distant land,  
To civilize and educate  
The Rebel's, Chief and band.

Thy manly breast shows well thy worth,  
Of Honor's won at war,  
There emblazoning is the crest  
Shining like yon bright star.

Kitchener thy fame's known far and wide,  
The son's of Britain look on thee with pride  
Our gracious Sovereign recognised thy worth,  
With honor's decked you titled lord of earth.

Thy actions at Fashoda thou'rt renowned where e'er you go.  
The confidence of the Empire you shall and still will hold.  
Thou art adorned brave Hero,  
Omdurman's Sirdar bold.

Well might thou be termed brave Lord,  
Thy nations growth is thy delight,  
Fair Kitchener, that flashing sword  
Sought Gordon's wrongs with all thy might.

The British Parliament on well deserved grounds,  
 Has dowered thee with thirty thousand pounds,  
 Famed Hero thy name's revered by all,  
 In lowly sheds as well as palace halls.

May thou be spared to enjoy thy shining gold,  
 Bestowed on thee by Britain's statesman bold,  
 And when whitened are thy locks with age,  
 Each one will still revere our honored sage.

**TO J. J. P.**

**A Member of Parliament for Burin in 1894.**

The atmosphere of Newfoundland,  
 Has reared many clever men,  
 Amongst them I know of one,  
 Who nimbly drives the pen.

The People's representative,  
 Of Burin's rock bound coast,  
 He's known to all a lawyer,  
 His native land can boast.

He has admirers both,  
 In outport and in town,  
 To see him to perfection,  
 Is to see him in the gown.

He's well versed in Wainright, May and Stephens,  
 Harrison he knows well,  
 He's an adept for the court room,  
 May success with him e'er dwell.

#### TO T.

Dearest whatever mood I'm in,  
 Beset with storms or be it calm,  
 With pleasure I oft list thee sing,  
 Thy voice to me is sweetest balm.

After business strife all day,

I sigh for the hour you to see,

'Tis sweet to hear thy charming lay,

A cure for all despondency.

Oft have I sat hour by hour,

To hear thy clear notes like a lark,

You own a far surpassing dower,

Than all Glonconda's famous marks.

Sweet songstress how charmed am I,

Those notes of your's how sweetly cheering

No cares can rest when thou art nigh,

Thou song bird true and most endearing.

**LOSS OF S. S. LaBOURGOGNE,  
Bound from New York to Havre.**

That dreadful fog hid from sight,

Cromartyshire with all her might,

LaBourgogne with six hundred souls,

Sunk in Atlantic's surging rolls.



From Sable Island sixty miles,  
The morning dawned both dark and wild,  
For those on board the fog did blind,  
The storm raged on, loud howled the wind.

Ah ! fateful seas broke o'er their ship,  
And doomed them for the deep,  
Little thought they, when leaving shore,  
They'd in the surges sleep.

A shudder thrills the human heart,  
To think of friends bereaved,  
Of all they loved and had to part,  
Some left orphans sad and grieved.

Coffinless those dear ones sleep,  
On Ocean's chilly breast,  
We breathe the dies irae,  
For their souls in peace to rest.

## THE ROBIN'S CHANT.

As the snowdrift fades away,  
Hark we hear the Robins lay,  
In the woods they have their fling,  
And herald us approaching spring.

Hear the Robins plaintive song,  
Chasing snowflakes off the trees,  
They cheer us and bring spring along,  
Accompanied by the busy bee.

Thy clear notes glad the farmers heart,  
And tells him spring has come again,  
And bids the plough man act his part,  
Get ready for sowing grain.

Spring the daisies come with you,  
They wait thy season and sunshine,  
They quaff each mornings fresh'ning dew,  
All nature loves the fair springtime.

As verdure is donning her mantle,  
The Robins sweet song charms the air,  
As if carolling sweetly to heaven,  
The Matins and calm vesper prayer.  
We know when we see the sweet robin,  
The flowers will soon be in bloom,  
And quickly will disappear snowbird,  
Give place to the roses in June.

TO S.

How changed seems everything just now,  
Compared when first we met,  
The doll is gently laid aside,  
All play toys we forget.  
Still onward passes day to day,  
Sometimes we cast a thought,  
On the happy hours of childhood,  
For gold could not be bought.

The skipping rope once valued,  
 Is most forgotten now,  
 The chatterbox we prized and viewed,  
 I'll ne'er forget wilt thou.

But other cares surround us,  
 We meet year after year,  
 No matter where e'er your lot be cast,  
 To me, your very dear.

#### FAREWELL TO NINETY FIVE.

Thou art fading from my sight,  
 Ninety Five.  
 Oft I've sighed and smiled by thy light,  
 Ninety Five.  
 Many a blossom bloomed by thy light,  
 Ninety Five.  
 Many a heart with joy realised,  
 Ninety Five.  
 Many a vacant chair,  
 In sorrow draws you near,  
 In the twilight of your reign,  
 Ninety Five.

**THE GREENLAND DISASTER.**

Our gallant fleet of sealing ships,  
The tenth of March steamed out,  
To procure a load of harps and hoods,  
All were eager for the scout.

The day shone bright, all hearts were light,  
Their bunting gaily flown,  
Each cheered the other with delight,  
Loud were their whistles blown.

Just five days passed a storm arose,  
A fierce and howling gale,  
The remaining of the Greenland's crew,  
Relates a thrilling tale.

The storm rushed on with all its might,  
The billows loudly roared,  
And soon the ship was lost to sight,  
To Heaven their hearts they soared.

Each looked the other in the face,  
No word of cheer had they,  
All knew that death's dark visage,  
Surround their forms that day.

The treacherous storm that dreadful night,  
Left many household drear,  
The home, the mother, wife and child,  
For them we breathe a prayer.

Those homes we just imagine,  
How grief must centre there,  
The wailing of the widows,  
And the orphans deep despair.

This month shall be remembered well,  
In history's page see there,  
Where forty eight brave hunters,  
Ended lifes career.

**PANSY.**

An ornament to any bower,  
A pretty tiny pansy flower  
Those petit leaves what meaning lies,  
When understood how dear we prize.

When e'er in Silvan solitude,  
The mind oft reflects the past,  
The pansies emblem true and good,  
Treasures with care to last.

Where e'er you see a pansy,  
To it you take a fancy,  
As it grows there on the spot,  
Sweet emblem, forget me not.

IN MEMORIAM OF RIGHT REV. DR. POWER,  
Bishop of St. John's, who died Dec. 1893.

The death bell tolls sadly from yon steeple to-day,  
Each face has a look, dull and downcast,  
We know that our Bishop in death's array,  
Awaits the Judgment, last trumpet's blast.

Is it a wonder we weep for our Bishop that's dead,  
Whose name was revered by us all,  
His disposition was faultless, and wise was his head,  
Socially all hearts did enthrall.

For twenty three years in this island did guide,  
Our Church and our spiritual wants,  
He sleeps his long sleep by his predecessors side,  
But his calm visage oft do us haunt.

O'er thy tomb in the church where oft thou did'st chant  
The morning mass and Vesper Prayer,  
May the soul of our Bishop in God, rest in peace,  
To his mem'ry we oft shed a tear.



## AUTUMN.

Little tinged, the leaves are showing,  
Colored by the Autumn wind,  
Yet the orchard shows the growing,  
Of a Season very kind.

The foliage now seems variagated,  
You must admire as you pass,  
It looks as if some one decorated,  
With brush the verdure a shaded mass.

Yes ! the decorator nature,  
Painted yon forest grand,  
No art could lavish talent,  
As is shown on this forest land.

Nature's dress is changed from green,  
Its hue is not so fair,  
As in the soft, soft summer time,  
When forest's bright tints glare.

Nature's dress is altered now,  
From green to red and gold,  
And harvest moon how bright art thou,  
It shines, but thou art cold.

#### TO SCOTLAND.

Sweet Thistle, Scotia's emblem,  
The pride of Scottish hearts,  
No matter where the clime may be,  
That her sons may live apart.

Scotland's bonny Thistle,  
They all look on with pride,  
Entwined with mountain heather,  
None on earth can e'er divide.

The land where early history,  
Made heroes win an name,  
Just trace down to present day,  
Dargai's Piper's fame.

When bullets pierced the once staunch limbs,  
They troubled not to know,  
But simply played Cock of the North,  
As their Patriots blood did flow.

Their gallant deeds at Dargai's Hill,  
While war notes whistled loud and shrill.  
Gordon Highlanders ! Thy worth's well known,  
O'er broad Atlantic's white sea foam.

Scotland's Sons are heroes,  
On fields of battle proved,  
They heed not cannon's rattle,  
They give life for the land they love.

Long life to Scotia's heroes,  
To wear the Victoria Cross,  
In the land where the loved heather grows,  
And bracken, fern and moss.

## IN MEMORIAM OF RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

Alas ! the sad tidings has reached us,  
From this earth his spirit hath fled,  
And Britain's proud Politician,  
William Gladstone the Statesman is dead.

Hark ! List ! to the toll of the death bell,  
As it mournfully floats on the air,  
The Sons of old England are losing  
A Patriot to British heart's dear.

Half mast floats the bunting in sadness,  
A gloom is cast over all,  
To know death from us hath stolen,  
Throw's o'er loving hearts a dark pall.

Haywarden will mourn for thee ever,  
Where oft thy dear smile shone so bright ;  
The home has lost a dear father,  
The tears dim thy dear children's sight.

Sleep on neath the dew of thy birth place,  
 Beloved in death as in life,  
 Mid willow's and immortells waving,  
 Away from the world's busy strife.

### PARTED.

Fallen and shattered is my pretty rose bud,  
 That which I culled for one far away,  
 As I sit thinking alone in the garden,  
 I idly plucked leaf for leaf off of the spray.

Thinking of her, my heart almost breaking,  
 Who is basking herself in the fair sunny South,  
 Mid roses and Vinegroves her eyes ever seeking ;  
 I think still the promise that fell from her mouth.

When we parted that morn the sunshine was with us,  
 To me ever since no Sun shone as clear,  
 With her went all brightness for aye from my lifetime,  
 Now she's owned by another most cherished and dear.

Sweet were the hours passed by thy side love,  
 In happiness always when near thy smile,  
 Thy voice was to me as sweet as the white dove,  
 Near you the hours happy did while.

We walked under Cynthia, she witnessed our meeting,  
 A more ardent lover ne'er walked by thy side,  
 They tell me she's happy, each day a new greeting,  
 While I am alone, tossed on ev'ry tide.

Farewell fondest treasure, may your pathway be brighter,  
 Than yon guild that adorns the fairest of crowns,  
 May smiles ever greet you, ne'er troubles meet you,  
 May your life be forever free from a frown.

I'll journey along on this cold cruel planet,  
 Sighing and sad o'er the days that have flown,  
 I oft try to banish those thoughts but I cannot,  
 I'm like to the stalk when the roses have blown.

**SAILING.**

Sailing down the river,  
With a fair wind at our back,  
Enjoying the surroundings,  
The fresh'ning air we quaff.

There is nothing more delightful,  
At even after tea,  
Than to take your little shallop,  
And sail away to sea.

Upon the pleasant waters,  
With nicotine your guest,  
You enjoy a pleasant hour,  
From care your mind can rest.

And if not more pleasant company,  
You'll very easily find  
The one that steals most of your thoughts,  
However blows the wind.

Gently sailing o'er the deep,  
Where the little fishes sleep,  
Under stars of brightest hue,  
With Luna's rays of grey and blue.

On the waters surface calm,  
At even times, refreshing balm,  
Away from terra firmas noise,  
Thou canst with pleasure list the voice.

Of ducks and hawks and sea gulls roar,  
On hastening pinions to the shore,  
As Cynthia's light wanes slowly past,  
And cloudless sky becomes o'er cast.

Your little shallop then command,  
And steer the helm towards the land,  
Your company will understand,  
You catered with pleasure those hours grand.



**IN MEMORIAM OF MISS McCOWAN,  
Beloved Daughter of Inspector General McCowan.**

Another rose cut off the tree,  
Of life she loved so well,  
The home that once was full of glee,  
In sorrow now must dwell

No thought of death was o'er her cast,  
Till a few weeks, before  
Dear child thy smile will always last,  
Our hearts with grief are sore.

Cut off in youthful blooming,  
Is a daughter loved so dear,  
'Twas sad to see her drooping,  
She so young, so bright, so fair.

A Father's and a Mother's heart,  
Is well nigh broke with grief,  
To them her physician the news did impart,  
She could not get relief.

On other shores specialists sought,  
Under loving parents care,  
All was done to save her,  
That child they loved so dear.

She left that land again for home,  
But not long on the sea,  
As the ship was gliding o'er the foam,  
Her spirit passed away.

No sadder sight could one behold,  
Than that ship with flags half-mast,  
That brought the fair form in death cold,  
To her home where gloom is cast.

Sleep loved one neath the daisies,  
Forget-me-nots we'll strew,  
In mem'ry of our loved one,  
Our tears will them bedew.

**CHILDHOOD.**

Ah ! innocent days when care was far from us,  
All frolic and fun did we look for to get,  
Each moment of life all pleasure seeking,  
Sweet dream of childhood I think of you yet.

Schooldays our lessons was all then to bother,  
Contrast them to-day with the world's busy strife,  
How chequered each pathway of most the school fellows,  
Some tranquilly flow down the river of life.

No two lives alike have we met in our journey,  
As through the world's din we pass every day,  
You'll meet some old schoolmate to shake your hand tightly  
No matter how happy he'll have trouble some way.

Ah ! give me the days I spent in the school desk,  
The good game of cricket on the barrens I played,  
But where are the bowlers, I miss from the gath'ring,  
Some are now making homes in the land of the brave.

Stars and stripes a great nation, asks no man his business,

Let him earn all he can in its vast hemisphere,

No petty jealousy's surrounding his birthplace,

But simply work on find a home ever there.

However, the days of our boyhood are ended,

The world with its joys, and its sorrows to learn,

Who will not say those two are well blended,

This planet to move in, to live we must earn.

Ambition's finger points sternly to manhood,

And tells you the zenith, of fame you must reach,

Pass by disappointments, tho' bitter as worm wood,

Though they torture the brain as if stung by a leech.

### LOVE.

How sweetly throbs the pulse, when first

Acquaintance makes with cupid's dart,

Yet happy in your souls commune,

To know you share a constant heart.

Yes constant if true love be there,  
Tho' doubtful perhaps, we are at times,  
Tho' rivals in our midst would dare,  
True lovers seldom change their minds.

How cold this world, if love were dead,  
Our selfish hearts would beat alone,  
No fair bride to the altar led,  
Our hearts would be as cold as stone.

Oh ! say not love will ever die,  
Live on as long as life shall last,  
The happiest days that passed on earth,  
Are those that love and always last,

Oh ! who could say they did not love,  
Suppose it be some tiny flower,  
A pretty white winged turtle dove,  
Or songbird to cheer some lonely hour.

Its sweet to know that you are loved,  
To know you reign in someone's heart,  
In cold adversity's days unmoved,  
As well as sunshine's brightest dart.

Ah ! what can equal faithful love,  
It makes this world an Eden fair,  
What matter how the world goes on,  
When lovers hearts are both sincere.

#### **A SILENT ADMIRER.**

This little bouquet,  
Which I send to thee,  
Will impart all my thoughts,  
I could not verbally.

Here in silent beating,  
My heart throbs all for thee,  
I fain thy face to gaze upon,  
But I cannot find a plea.

Thy company I'd cherish much,  
But the courage I can't find,  
With bashfulness I am touched,  
Therefore I'm left behind.

**NIGHT.**

Slowly creep the clouds above us  
Plainly telling day is spent,  
When dark night puts on her mantle,  
Tells this day's sunshine is only lent.  
Stars peep out as daylight vanish,  
And spangled is the ethereal dome,  
Cynthia adorns yon firmament,  
With a bright light all her own.  
As the even shades close o'er us,  
And nature's taking sweet repose,  
The song of Whip-poor-will resounding,  
As daylight's drawing to a close.

Venus, Mars and Mercury,  
How commanding in the night,  
When Aurora opens her brightening orbes,  
How quickly shaded is thy light.

### PEACE PROCLAIMED.

The warnote is silent all hearts are rejoicing,  
That peace reign's supreme, and the soldier can rest,  
From the summons of battle, from the cannon's loud rattle,  
And the warrior's child can recline on his breast.

Peace is proclaimed and the much tired soldier,  
Returns to the cot, to him, dearer than life,  
Relates the sad tale of some comrade much bolder,  
That was slain by the en'my in that awful strife.

Often I've dreamed in the camps of my colleen,  
And the dear little children that clung round my knee,  
When daylight returned, and the sound of the war note  
Made my heart beat, thrice sadly my darling of thee.



I'll rest me awhile, till my country's honor  
 Is the least jeopardized by the en'my round,  
 My sword I'll unscabbar, my rifle I'll ready,  
 And show as a soldier, in duty I'm bound.

I'll handle the cannon when battle requires me,  
 The flag I will stand by, or readily fall,  
 In the meantime we pray for peace to all nations,  
 And trust that the war note will need not a call.

And when my evening meals partaken,  
 On knees, and head bent low,  
 I thank the good Creator,  
 That preserved me from the foe.

#### FAREWELL TO NINETY-EIGHT.

Infirm now grows your step ninety-eight,  
 On you, the work of twelve months have weight,  
 I say farewell to-night, as your passing from my sight,  
 To me your mem'ry's bright ninety-eight.

We must part, tried, valued friend,  
 Tho' your mem'ry I will cherish years to come,  
 Your days are near their end, and with joys I'll ever blend,  
 Tho' your sleeping in oblivions silent tomb.

Many hours passed in pleasure in thy light,  
 To recall those pleasant mem'ry's oft I try,  
 Tho' each minute you are slipping from my sight,  
 To your twelve endearing months I'll say good bye.

Farewell good old ninety-eight your tot'ring now,  
 We all must fade and die like you,  
 Each one on earth must trust to fate and bow,  
 And wave a parting signal and adieu.

#### TO FATHER.

Father thy smile, thy voice, its tone,  
 Since thou hast left this worldly sphere,  
 Will ne'er be filled in our lone home,  
 What's sadder than thy vacant chair.

It brings us back to childhood's days,  
When thou wert fondest of the fond,  
When school-books troubles and dismays,  
You helped us free from all their bonds.

We thought of thee as children then,  
And thanked thee for thy loving care,  
But now if we could own thee still,  
We'd treasure thee with whitened hair.

When you left us thy loss we knew not,  
Youth knows not troubles nor world's care,  
Thou wert called to fairer mansions,  
A brighter coronet crowns you there.

Kindest of parents, thy mem'ry's as verdant,  
Yes, green as the day that dawned dark and drear,  
That stole from our homestead the kindest of fathers,  
Lone to and fro swings the old rocker chair.

## THE VESPER BELL.

After sailing along o'er the ocean,  
For weeks on a long journey home,  
Praying with fervent devotion,  
To be saved from the threatening foam.

Just at the close of the daylight,  
We hove in sight of the land,  
No earthly view to the wanderer,  
Is dearer than home scenery grand.

As our ship lay off of the Harbor,  
Close to Fort Amherst light,  
Came the sweet notes of vesper bell pealing,  
From Cathedral tow'ring heights.

'Tis Easter Sunday even,  
We list the music grand,  
As it solemnly floats o'er the waters,  
From our own endearing land.

Ye bells from yon lofty towers,  
 Makes the heart beat high with pride,  
 As you hear their sweet sounds at twilight,  
 Wafting along o'er the tide.

As night, throws her mantle  
 O'er ocean and dell,  
 We list in the distance  
 To yon vesper bell.

Every sound from the tower speaks to the soul,  
 There's a zenith to reach if your senses control,  
 In my heart thy sweet mem'ry shall ever dwell,  
 We love thy notes pealing sweet vesper bell.

#### TO G.

Dearest one, I think of thee,  
 When on the broad and restless sea,  
 My mem'ry floats to thy bright smile,  
 Sweet voice of thine the hours did while.

In reverie thy face I see,  
You ask me constant for to be,  
Remembrance thou steal's each day,  
Thy image haunts my mind for aye.

The evening when first we met  
You say you never can forget,  
Nor I, how quick the hours fled by,  
In fairy land were you and I.

#### THE RAILWAY.

Buzzing through the forest fleetly,  
With the mail coach trav'ling past,  
Is the engine with full speed on,  
Hastening with our letters fast.

On she comes and goes with fury  
Bringing news from far and wide,  
Making hearts rejoice with pleasure,  
Wafting news across the tide.

She brings a letter to a mother,  
 And brings a cheque to make her glad,  
 And brings a letter from a lover,  
 A lass hears from her constant lad.

The whistle of the locomotive  
 Resounds o'er city, dale and hill,  
 A warning to pedestrians wand'ring,  
 She blows her whistle loud and shrill.

#### TO QUIDI VIDI RIVER.

Thy glassy sheet to-day looks grand,  
 Thy surface calm and still,  
 I've seen thee oft look tranquil bland,  
 Thou can'st change at thy will.

O'er earth a prettier scenery  
 Is very rarely found,  
 In a valley lie thy waters deep,  
 On each side a burying ground.

Where sleeps the love of many hearts,  
Beside Quidi Vidi's stream,  
Where oft in life it did impart  
Pleasant hours like a dream.

What happy moments on thy banks,  
On regatta days have passed,  
Business all suspended,  
In sunshine's rays we've basked.

The splash of oar excited all,  
The signal for the race,  
The day too soon was nighted,  
Her mantled donned with grace.

A pleasant road for bikes to ride,  
O'er thy water's moss green bank,  
As nature has thee painted,  
Thou wouldst please any crank.



A marvel of beauty is thy lake,  
As morn's sun on thee shine,  
Or when its rays sink low at eve  
Thy scenery is sublime.

A favourite for pedestrian  
Thy lake to walk around,  
To inhale the pleasant zepher,  
With health it doth abound.

The tourist's visit is oft made  
To see thy beauty rare,  
And many a pretty tribute paid  
To thy exhilarating air.

In summer with pleasure the boats do glide,  
What past time thou dost give to man  
In sleighs on thee in winter ride,  
Thou pleaseth all thou can.

But then we must remember  
Hearts were pierced with grief,  
To know beneath thy waters blue,  
Loved friends forever sleep.

#### TO A HORSE SHOE.

A horse shoe I have just picked up,  
I'm told, a token of good luck,  
I wonder how I'll hang my find  
Up side down to my own mind.

Some folk say 'tis not right  
To find a shoe that is not bright,  
I treasure and I dearly prize,  
The horse shoe, its tradition wise.

I found this horse shoe on yon road,  
Near a corn field newly mowed,  
As the rivers rip'ling rill,  
Flowed by with music to my will.

Since that day I've luckily grown,  
Hours like moments with pleasure flown,  
I've got each wish dear to the heart,  
I thank the horse for a part.

### SMILING FACES.

A smile adorns the plainest face,  
Provide its a genuine one ;  
Not such as formed for company's sake,  
But the one that's worn at home.

A smile lights up the countenance,  
As a gaily lit ball-room,  
The owner of a smiling face  
Knows not of this world's gloom.

Tho' oft times they might trouble know,  
But still the smile is there ;  
A sign the conscience pure as snow,  
Tho' trouble fans as air.

There are faces in this great world,  
Beauty they really own,  
But the gloomy, down expression,  
Seems as if good looks have flown.

There are faces to admire,  
That beauty has no share,  
But the winning smile beams brightest rays,  
And holds the owner dear.

A smile oft softens hardest hearts,  
What a frown would fail to do,  
There's a hallow that a smile imparts  
That's very dear to you.

#### TO THE SACRED HEART.

Oh, Sacred Heart, our only hope,  
My faith is centered firm in Thee,  
Thou art the sinner's refuge,  
In troubles or temptations shield us constantly.

So

Thy dear heart is an emblem  
Of love to all mankind,  
The cruel lance that probed it,  
Oh, who could have the mind.

Who does not make devotion  
To the dear loved Sacred Heart.  
And beg His fond protection,  
From you He'll never part.

Thy precious blood flowed down Thy side,  
Dear Saviour, from the dart,  
That cruel lance that lancer,  
That pierced Thy sacred heart.

From Calvary's heights streamed Thy dear blood.  
To wash our sins away,  
Oh, dearest heart, I wish I could  
Pay homage to Thee alw.

Thy tender heart wilt not despise  
 A fervent, offered prayer,  
 Have mercy on us sinners,  
 When we leave this vale of tears

Oh, blessed heart, Thy precious blood,  
 Flowed from Thy sacred side,  
 To cleanse and purify our souls,  
 In this wicked world so wide.

### MEDITATION

Just think of the joys of Heaven  
 To be near your Saviour, God,  
 Pause, consider what He suffered,  
 Think of Calvary's road He trod.

Imagine a choir of angels  
 Surrounding a throne on high,  
 On that throne our blessed Saviour,  
 And His immaculate mother nigh

That very Saviour shed His blood,  
 To save from sin His flock,  
 He gave that blood for our soul's good,  
 To our hardened hearts doth knock.

The serpent's sin has us entwined,  
 And keeps our souls ensneered,  
 Take courage and leave sin behind,  
 Let your dear Lord see you feared.

The wrath of Him who rules above,  
 And watches night and day,  
 And asks His children for their love  
 To walk in righteous way.

### CHRISTMAS.

Christmas, how dear the name,  
 Linked with many a tender tie,  
 Of friends we may ne'er see again,  
 The happy moments—how quick they fly.

Oft in dreams we see a Christmas,

We did cherish long ago,

And fond faces in the gath'ring,

Plain we see each visage so.

Kind greetings for a happy Christmas,

We bid you all this festive time,

May fortune smile upon our island,

Is the writers wish for Auld Lang Syne

Christmas, Thy name I love to hear.

When friends are gathered round

And join in one celestial prayer,

With love and grace abound.

#### TO THE HUMBER RIVER.

Oh, slumbering Humber, wake to note

Thy scenery is grand,

In calmness and serenity,

Thou adornest Newfoundland



Von river that was lone and wild.

On the West Coast it lies,  
And men with willing hands,  
And men of enterprise.

Hewed down the thickening forest,  
And planned the railway road,  
And let the sun shine brighter  
On the river as it flowed.

Beside thy margin caribou  
Carelessly rove along,  
Heedless of hunter's muskets,  
Idly saunters on

Fair stream—a gift of nature,  
Thou shining lake I view,  
As you meander through the wildwood,  
I now must say adieu.

In dreams I see thy glassy sheet,  
 Thy shrubbery so grand,  
 I see me watch thy ebb and flow  
 And gently tread thy sand.

**TO A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD**

Oh ! weep not mother, baby's dying,  
 Heaven's portals are open wide  
 To receive your loved one from your keeping,  
 Your darling and your joy and pride  
  
 His tiny form you'll miss from view,  
 His winning smile and prattle sweet,  
 In heavenly choir he'll pray for you,  
 Thrice happy, mother, him to meet.  
  
 Put all his play toys out of sight,  
 They'll fret you when on them you gaze,  
 In dreams they'll haunt your sleep at night,  
 Those thoughts, unhappy, make your days

This world is naught to grieve the heart,  
 Then let your dear one sleep in peace,  
 Cease your grieving, we all must part.  
 When this world ends then comes release.

~~Away from all terrestrial cares,~~

The glory of God above he sings,  
 This world is but a few short years,  
 And then you'll meet your angel wings

#### SUMMER FINDS FAULT WITH WINTER.

The cold blast dismantled my fine birchen tree,  
 And leaves it to pine in cold jealousy,  
 Cruel winter, you've robbed us of all our fine dress,  
 And left us bereft in the drear wilderness

The warm sun that ripens  
 Witch-hazel and oaks,  
 The ash and the cedar  
 The cold north wind chokes.

The poplar and sycamore  
 Trembles to know  
 They, like cherry and pine,  
 Must fade under the snow

Shivering asp thou art pining,  
 But I'll keep my dress,  
 The red and white spruce  
 Are dismantled no less

The yew is commanding its towers in length  
 It dreads not the cold dreary wind of the fall,  
 The king of the forest, a giant in strength,  
 Tho' the elm and beech are adured by all

No north wind nor frost can influence the yew,  
 An ornament stately in avenue most,  
 With storms and strong hurricanes,  
 Bravely do war.

## REMEMBRANCE

I ask remembrance when morning's sun

Rise in splendor o'er the earth,

I ask the same when mid day's ray

Adorn and guild the home and hearth

Thoughts I ask, when silent night

Throws her mantle o'er glen and stream,

When rip'ling brook flows with its might,

When pillowed on your couch in dreams

Remembrance I ask while youth adorns

Thy handsome brow and cheek in bloom,

While now your life is in its morn,

Let me in your mem'ry loom.

I ask remembrance, when age creeps o'er

Thy gentle frame and dulls thine eye,

When in the mid-night of your life once more,

I ask remembrance till the day you'll die

## ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

Most important stream meandering  
 Into ocean's billowed crest,  
 Commerce knows well understanding,  
 Thy rivers value, who in grain invest

Fair picturesque sheet of water,  
 Reaching from one to six miles wide,  
 Murmuring in the moonlight  
 Softest rays across the tide

Fairest stream of glistening silver,  
 Thine's a visionary scene,  
 A perfect spot of rural beauty,  
 Yet more real than a dream

A pleasant sight is a canoe  
 Skimming o'er thy water's blue,  
 While cynthias rays tranquilly beam  
 O'er the boatman on the stream

Almost every splash of oar  
     Resounds the echo on the shore ;  
 Oh, fairest river in summer time,  
     With canoe gracing thy water line.  
 How changed when autumn fades away,  
     And winter blows the blast,  
 Frozen thy surface shippers delay,  
     A slow down o'er commerce is cast.  
 But then not for long that season soon passes,  
     The ice on the river is melted away.  
 Commerce commences, and ships of all classes  
     Are seen on the river by night and by day.

TO D. M. H.

Many sun's had their setting,  
     Since first you and I met.  
 Bright clouds the sky mantled,  
     And some dark as jet  
 However, the world goes,  
     The past's bright to view,  
 When fortune was shedding  
     Her smiles upon you

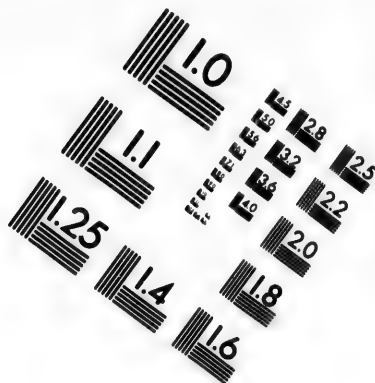
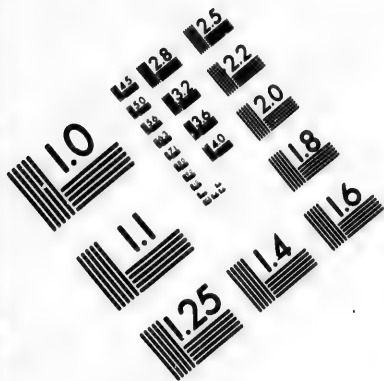
At St Dunstan's calm hours of study have flown,  
 The Gulph's flower garden Charlottetown's grown.  
 Fair spot of nature thou didst have a share,  
 And basked in the orchard's sweet balmy air.  
 Since business is taking place of the school,

You look back with pleasure to college rule,  
 May the world wear along with pleasure to you.  
 Is the wish of the writer faithful and true

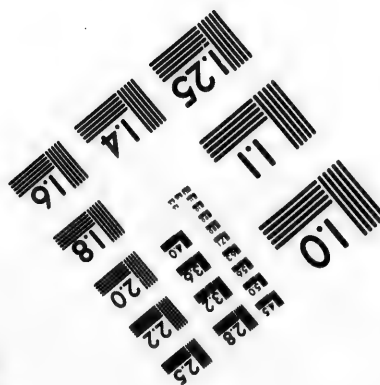
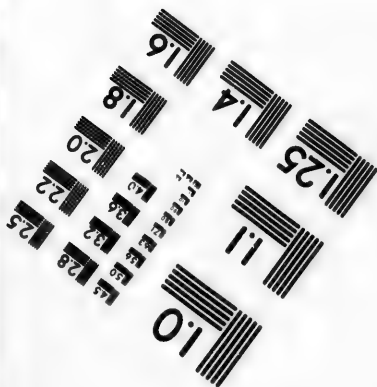
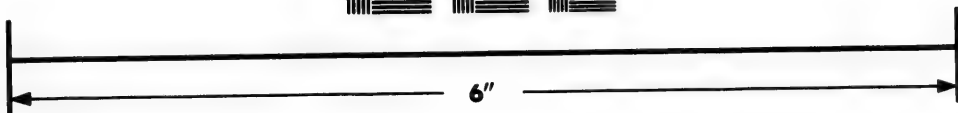
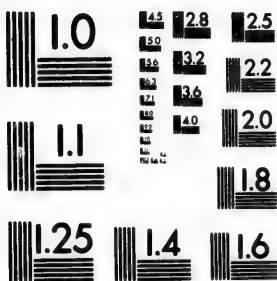
#### TO THE DOCK

Among the coves of the world  
 No finer dock you'll see,  
 Great talk of Scotland's thrifty clyde,  
 And building turned inersey,  
 Long years may pass and still I pray,  
 Ships may be guided here this way.  
 E'er long thy work be known,  
 From Alton to brig d long,  
 Guarding thy name on Mary Carter's hull  
 Intending to show how the work can be done





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No white man lives where the hope is gone,  
 Ever her shaft will move to and fro,  
 Enlightening the world she is fitted and strong,  
 Regaining her strength at the dock gates I trow.

**IN MEMORIAM OF HIS GRACE, ARCHBISHOP  
 CLEARY, OF KINGSTON, WHO DIED  
 FEBRUARY 22th, 1898.**

A gloom's thrown o'er our city,  
 There's a cypress at each heart,  
 For our own beloved Bishop,  
 From him we had to part.

Death's cold hand has laid him low,  
 Our prelate we loved dear,  
 Broken-hearted, saddened by our loss,  
 We weep around his bier.

Dungarven well might boast with pride,  
 On her distinguished son,  
 A linguist of the first class,  
 Highest honors he has won.

In Manooth's seat of learning,  
His uncommon talent showed,  
He spent years at Salamanka  
Where his brilliant training glowed,

His ear to charity was open whate'er betide,  
Soft was his heart to God's poor far and wide,  
In all our prayers we'll ever think of him,  
That God will give his soul requiem.

#### SUMMER.

All things bright beneath thy smile,  
Nature's dressed in sweetest style,  
No rude wind to chill the bud,  
Not as raw, cold winter would.

Summer nature's fairest Queen,  
No other season comes between,  
To rival you with fair as time,  
O'er earth's dominion where e'er the clime.

Daisies, lilies, roses bright,

All love to blossom in thy light,

They seem down cast when thou hast flown,

One watch the other pine alone.

When shines yon glittering noonday sun,

The busy bee doth hum and hum,

The forest choir resounds afar,

No chilly blast with them make war.

#### DEATH.

All brightness from the eye departs,

Dim seems all things now,

A stifled breath, dull throb of heart,

Death's messenger art thou.

Is this death.

How icy then the hands become,

The body seems like lead,

Careless thou art to things of earth,

A helpless form strength fled.

Is this death.

A cold, cold touch comes o'er the frame,

Summer sun seems cold,

Tho' youth be standing at your side,

One's feeble as if old.

Is this death.

Nothing attracts the once bright mind,

Heavenly visions rise,

When leaving fondest friends behind,

You view yon Paradise.

Is this death.

#### FAREWELL TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

Adieu dear Terra Nova,

Where first I saw the light

Of Heaven on earth's plantation,

Dawn on me fair and bright.

Familiar scenes I now must leave,

Where oft I trod in youth,

I try to smile but still I grieve,

My schoolmates seek to soothe.

My heart is sad to say good-bye  
To life long friends of mine,  
To the land I love and scenes so dear,  
And the friends of Auld Lang Syne.

To rural wanderings I bid adieu  
To rustic visions that once were bright,  
I trust to meet some friends as true  
As those I leave behind to-night

The past is linked in memories  
That ne'er will be forgot,  
I ask my friends now to accept  
A sweet forget-me-not.

#### TO A WILD ROSE.

This rose it grows by way-side,  
It grows on mountains high,  
It was planted there by nature,  
Its gardener is the sky.

The dew of Heaven nurtures it  
It blooms in forest lone,  
And charming to admire,  
Is this sweet rose full blown.

It oft times bloom and pines away,  
Unseen, unknown by man,  
Except by Him who sees each day,  
The entire world and scan.

Fragile blossom how I admire,  
Thy innocence and worth,  
Each leaf of thine my heart inspires,  
This little bloom of earth.

Oh ! sweetest of all blossoms,  
Is this fragrant wild, red rose,  
It's the beauty of the wildwood,  
Wherever it blooms and grows.



It blossoms so sweetly, this wild, red rose,  
The forest's queen and pride,  
It ripens as the zepher blows,  
It's seen in woodlands wide.

#### FAREWELL TO S. S. SIBERIAN.

Farewell thou Allan liner,  
For awhile you leave our coast,  
To plough some southern waters,  
More genial clime can boast.

When gentle spring is with us,  
And Aurora opes the day  
That's set down for Siberian  
To come again this way.

Your commander, purser, engineers,  
We'll welcome from the sea,  
God speed the good Siberian,  
In Atlantic waters free.

When dropping anchor near other shores,  
 More taking to the eye,  
 Cast a straying thought on Nfid.,  
 And the famous harbour buoy.

Siberian thy lines I often view,  
 No other liner half as fair as you,  
 Commanding staunch with Neptune well may deal,  
 Bold iron bow and well proportioned keel.

#### WELCOME NEW YEAR.

Welcome New Year,  
 We hail thee with delight,  
 Shine smoothly on our pathway  
 And shield us from all strife.

May it dawn with prosperity  
 O'er every hearth and home,  
 May every day bring sunshine,  
 And love our thoughts enthrone.

We cannot flatter ninety-nine,  
Till ended it shall be,  
We will tell you this time twelve months,  
If it served us faithfully.

### CHRISTMAS

Here the bells are chiming Christmas is come,  
See the Yule log burning in every cherished home,  
The mantle in the chimney with stockings gaily decked  
And Santa Claus expected at morn no hopes are wrecked.

A pretty doll, a chatter-box,  
They all shall have their choice,  
And Christmas after day light,  
How their hearts will rejoice.

Some will enjoy a letter  
From friends across the main,  
They'll come from Britain's far famed clime,  
And Uncle Sam's domain.

## STORM.

Cold is the north wind,  
With hail and snow,  
Impeding the traveller  
Where'er he may go.

Stir up the fire,  
How the wind moans,  
Jack Frost is with us,  
Put on more coals.

Hear the storm rattle,  
We list to its roar,  
The treacherous waves dashing  
With fury 'gainst shore.

The storm rushes onward,  
The wires are down,  
No message this forenoon  
From outport to town.

The trees are uprooted,  
And loud howls the wind,  
The Lord help the traveller,  
The sleet will him blind.

The storm is abating,  
And glad are all hearts,  
For this are we waiting  
The lead cloud departs.

#### TO MOTHER.

Sleeping peacefully mother's now,  
We are left to mourn her lonely  
A mother's smile, a mother's voice,  
If we could own how we'd rejoice.

Death's cold hand snapped from our grasp,  
Many years now in the tomb,  
And silently now sleeps her last,  
Long sleep and leaves us here in gloom.

We learned our prayers beside her knee,  
When clouds spread o'er the earth at even,  
She taught us to act faithfully  
A good example to gain Heaven.

Her voice is hushed that we loved well,  
Those sweet lips stilled that used to smile,  
Each day we live her memory dwells,  
On her we ponder all the while.

### MUSIC.

Thy soft notes float around the heart,  
Thy melody will ne'er depart,  
Thy sweet strains calm the troubled mind,  
And soothe all grief leaves care behind.

Music's harmony is surprising,  
Its heavenly sound enthralls the soul  
With what rapture I list thy soft cords,  
On my heart engraven, yes, as if scrolled.

Thy sweetness makes glad the student,  
As he toils up the ladder of fame,  
And step after step of that ladder,  
He tries to climb for a name.

In this great world of competitors,  
Where each one the other surpass  
Music there's hallow around thee,  
That clings to one fast.

When one is down cast, troubled or worried,  
There's solace in music to find,  
As you play o'er some dreamy old nocturn,  
Unconsciously calm comes the mind.

**TO M. ON HER MARRIAGE MORN,**

To-day may the sun shine on thy brow,  
May thy path in life be smooth,  
May the heart of the one that claims you now,  
Ever constant prove.

Thy marriage morn has dawned fair,  
A signal of good luck to thee,  
The sky is blue, no clouds appear,  
May your life pass on tranquilly.

How anxious is thy mind dear friend,  
That this day's sun should shine out bright,  
Its rays with happiness doth blend,  
And guilds the future with sparkling light

Thornless may thy path for aye dear,  
Brightest smiles thy lot to share,  
And may the heart you own to-day,  
As time goes on grow thrice as dear.

#### PARTED.

Forever in my mind thou'lt live,  
Dear friend, tho' gone from sight,  
Thou has made life all pleasure,  
Without thee nothing bright.



The halcyon days we oft did spend,  
Ne'er can we recall again,  
But mem'ry calmly, coolly lends,  
Visions for aye we'd feign.

There's naught to do but dwell upon  
The severed links of chain,  
As one would look on cloudless skies,  
In storms of hail and rain.

In other climes thou rovest far,  
Unseen by those you knew,  
But thoughts steal like a guiding star,  
'Neath the heavenly vaults of blue.

Farewell, but should we ever meet,  
I'll praise the hand of fate,  
With what rapture I'll thee greet,  
Content on time to wait.

## THOUGHTS ON H.

Oft have I, unknown to thee,  
Gazed on thee with ecstasy,  
Indifferent now to glances gleamed,  
Admired, thou you little dreamed.

Where'er your footsteps care to move,  
I'll look on thee with eyes of love,  
I see thy form each day in life,  
Amidst the current, busy strife.

Admired, unconscious, you walk along,  
Joining in the bustling throng,  
If you ever scan those lines,  
Let friendship linger at all times.

Tho' dearly loved, thou'll never know,  
For thee a heart beats to and fro,  
Thou livest constant in my mind,  
That's hid from thee, to that thou'rt blind.

## TO AN AUTOGRAPH.

My poor time-worn autograph,

How once I admired,

And do still the same as I did long ago,

But the leaves seem all faded and I am also.

Subscribers were many and some very canny,

They told some wee fibbs as they penned word for word.

Youth was the season, great was the teason,

Such compliments never before was ne'er heard.

I value each leaf of my dear old album,

The autograph of true friends dear to me.

Some of them o'er the ocean residing,

And some sleep forever in eternity.

When my hair was like raven's wing,

And life was in its spring,

Then the autograph, dear,

To me grew each year.

Whitened are those locks now,  
And my steps slowly I tread,  
Age shows on my brow,  
I'll prize this album till I'm dead.

My favourite grand-child will own as a keep-sake,  
To her I will leave this book I hold dear,  
When giving her this, her hand I will tight shake,  
Treasure it for my sake tho' each fading year.

#### BELVIDERE.

On yon hillside see the marble,  
That adorns our treasured dead,  
And o'er each mound some token  
Of that loved spirit fled.

The asp, still shaking as with grief,  
Bends o'er the lonely grave,  
When friends with broken hearts will leave,  
The asp, no change doth crave.

Tread gently down the sanded walk,  
Amid the tombs of those we loved,  
Whisper, not loudly, let us talk,  
Gently on tiptoe let us move.

Belvidere is now the home  
Of our beloved dead,  
Oft those walks in summer days,  
In life their feet did tread.

They've now become members  
Of the tomb and in peace sleep,  
Let roses deck and daisies spread,  
And willows o'er them weep.

And let the rain when no one's there,  
Shed tears on mother earth,  
Tho' in the dead city, Belvidere,  
They are remembered round the hearth.

## FIRE.

Oh, treacherous, roaring element,  
A stern master if thou could,  
You'd rob us of our granite homes,  
As quickly as if wood.

Thou art an necessity to man,  
But still a fell destroyer,  
Tho' oft times master if you can  
A valued servant fire.

A master thou should never be,  
No mercy do you show,  
I would not care to trust on thee,  
Thou know'st not how far to go.

Thou art a terror to the poor man,  
Who insurances can't pay,  
He dreads to lose his shelter,  
By fire fiend's dreadful sway.

The rich you greatly agitate,  
Their princely halls they prize,  
Destroy with haste their grandeur,  
Before they realize.

### WANDERER RETURNED.

How glad I am again to see  
The old friends of my youth,  
When as children we played joyfully,  
In innocence and truth.

Children, when I left home,  
They do not look so now,  
All are men and women grown,  
And care shows o'er each brow.

Home, how sacred is the name,  
Held by mem'ry sweet,  
Far lands you may try for fame,  
But still leave incomplete.

One toils along from day to day,  
With a sigh he thinks of home.  
And the friends you love tho' from them you're moved  
Wherever you may roam.  
  
I'll stay me here in the land I love,  
On our dear Isle by the sea,  
Till it pleases Him who rules above,  
From this mortal sphere take me.

#### THE PILGRIM.

He leaves the world's fierce, busy strife,  
In a lonely forest finds  
A peaceful calm, tho' full of life,  
All gait leaves behind.  
  
The summer sun shines brightly there,  
Cynthia pours forth her light,  
Those are comfort to the Pilgrim drear,  
In the forest lone at night.



The birds flit on from tree to tree,  
Their song is music grand,  
Audienced by the Pilgrim,  
In the dreary desert land.

Self-denial to the Pilgrim,  
Is the sweetest relish known,  
He is striving to gain Heaven,  
Of this world is tired grown.

Oh, happy one that's gifted  
With the light of purest grace,  
To forfeit all the worthless dross,  
That fills this world so base.

The poor penitential Pilgrim,  
When he's called from earth away,  
To join in the Hosannas,  
Forever and for aye.

Oh ! Pilgrim, when amongst the blest,  
Intercede for us below,  
Who are toiling on from sin can't rest,  
In this wicked world of woe.

### BLUE EYES.

Coaxing are those orbs of blue,  
'Neath thy arch brows neatly shaded,  
They stole my heart before I knew,  
Love from this heart had almost faded.

Oh ! sparkling, tender, azure eyes,  
Who could say they are not lovely,  
One glance from those I'd give the world,  
I do love and think on them only.

The night we met I ne'er forgot,  
My heart was stole and owned by you,  
I'd love this world if thou'rt my lot,  
With eyes of softest, sweetest hue.

Those winsome eyes, as bright as stars,  
 How I love, and will alway,  
 The very soul of truth are thine,  
 As sweet as sunshines fair May day.

I revel in those beautiful eyes,  
 Time passes by when gazing on them,  
 Oh, happy hours absorbing flies,  
 Life is naught to me without them.

**S. S. LAMBERTS POINT ON FIRE AT SEA ON A  
 VOYAGE FROM NORFOLK, BOUND TO  
 LONDON, PUT INTO ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.**

When Lamberts Point was steaming  
 Ahead on the ocean wide,  
 A cry of fire resounded,  
 Like death to the mariner's pride.

Oh, awful was that news to hear,  
Our cotton packed below,  
Fire in every hold did dare,  
A demon treacherous foe.

Our coal was burning bunkers red,  
Oh ! what a sight to see,  
A howling wind, a snow-storm blind,  
And no port under lee.

Dismay on every seamen's face,  
Their stout hearts could not cheer,  
Behold, their ship a furnace,  
And land as yet not near.

Sterned grew the tempest,  
Fire raged fore and aft,  
The danger of the Lamberts Point,  
The wind did plainly waft.

Day-light dawned, Cape Race did sight,  
All hearts beat to and fro,  
Ere sun would set in clouds of jet,  
A harbor they would know.

She's safe in port and thankful all,  
To Him who rules the deep,  
That saved them from terrific death,  
And in the surges sleep.

**THE BURNING OF ST. JOHN'S TOWN JULY 8th, 1892.**

The summer sun shone brightly,  
All nature in full dress,  
Behold, the cry of fire,  
Made our city a wilderness.

Dreadful was that July night,  
In ashes our city lay,  
The old infirm decrepit,  
Ne'er loved like they that day.

The cheerful homes they once possessed,  
The gatherings of a life,  
Ah ! awful was that fated day,  
To husband, child and wife.

On streets your way you'd easily miss,  
Gaunt chimneys stood aghast,  
The very house you lived in,  
Tho' our city's not so vast.

You'd pass by as if nowhere there,  
Thy heart's best treasure lay,  
Where many happy hours passed,  
In mind thou'lt think for aye.

Help came from east, west, north and south,  
Halifax was the first,  
Scarce six and thirty hours elapsed,  
She appeased our people's thirst.

Like Phenix our city's rising,  
From ashes and ruin's gaunt,  
May happiness dwell in our Island,  
And the flag of prosperity flaunt.

**IN MEMORIAM OF MINNIE.**

Minnie, it seems but yesterday  
Since first I saw thy face,  
The gentle smile of childhood,  
Adorned thy brow with grace.

This wan cold cheek,  
Once rose hewed shone two sparkling eyes so bright,  
But fairer still those orbs are now,  
In heavenly visions light.

Thy cheerful voice, the vacant chair,  
Will ne'er be filled again,  
Darling you have left us,  
For a home that knows no pain.

We shall try and sooth our grieving,  
Tho' a tear oft dims the eye,  
When mem'ry turns to Belvidere,  
We'll heave a throbbing sigh.

#### ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

Cynthia thy rays recall the past,  
To those that ponder on the days gone by,  
On happy visions if they could last,  
Speaks to the heart and gaily decks the eye.

Cynthia to-night when gazing,  
On thy calm beauty serene and mild,  
I often wonder in storms of thunder,  
How changed art thou, yes stern and wild.

Cynthia thy rays are cheering,  
To yon trav'ler on his way,  
Thy light's a beacon to port when steering,  
Makes dark'ning night as bright as day.



Cynthia thou shinest resplendent  
 On all hearts where'er they be,  
 You witness all the world's flirtations,  
 And knows the worth of constancy.

Cynthia thy rays guild many a leaflet  
 In mem'ry's book compiled for long, long years,  
 Thou shinest on fisher's cot down by the sea-side,  
 Thou shinest on princely halls and lofty peers.

Sweet luminary I love thy light,  
 Chase all threat'ning clouds away ;  
 Shine on fair queen of night,  
 Give to the world thy brightest ray.

#### CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

As I sit thinking by the fire-side,  
 Flashes of thoughts occur to me,  
 Some of joyfulness and gladness,  
 And some past scenes so full of glee.

'Tis Christmas time when friends are gathered  
Around the hearth-stone of a home,  
You see the vacant chair so plainly,  
Makes one feel so sad and lone.

Every year this festive season  
Comes to gladden all poor hearts,  
Altho' from friends we may be severed,  
Ocean's flow can never part.

Ring out ye bells, ring loudly,  
From the towers of St. John,  
Bid welcome to our new-born king ;  
Ring sweetly clear and strong.

This joyful feast we welcome  
As it comes round again,  
We call forth the Scripture message :  
Peace on earth, good will to men.

## THE SHAMROCK.

Innocent, three leaves or four,  
    Growing on old Erin's Shore,  
Loved by all her son's so well,  
    In their hearts shall ever dwell.

Tho' self-government is denied thy land,  
    From liberty to take thy stand,  
Ireland's green leaf still blooms on,  
    That Emblem's dear to ev'ry son.

I never met while trav'ling o'er,  
    A heedless patriot to that shore,  
Each of her children loves none less,  
    The tiny Shamrock's verdure dress.

'Tis small, but represents that Isle,  
    That's famous for abundant soil,  
Those leaves are dear to Irish hearts,  
    They shall never die till life departs.

The Irishman ponders on Black-water, Shannon and Barron,  
He thinks with a pride of the Shamrock so green,  
It's smaller than rose, thistle or lily,  
And it grows by the cot of his darling Colleen.

### FIRST DREAM OF LOVE.

As I think and look back on years that are past,  
And see the great changes take place,  
The first dream of love thro' all years will last,  
To the end of all human race.

The bright, loving tales, the happy gay hours,  
The sweet, winsome smile that she gave,  
My life to me then was as sweet as the flowers,  
Bedewed by youths rivulets lave.

Oh, beautiful days that dawn fine and clear,  
No happier creature than I,  
Still I love my heart's idol, to me she is dear,  
We love on as the days pass us by.

Yes, first dream of love, tho' a boy you may be,  
It will linger unto manhood's bloom,  
You will look back with pleasure to your hearts treasure,  
Tho' it's laid way in mem'ry's tomb.

### WELCOME NEW YEAR.

Come in New Year you are welcome to all,  
Though the old one we dearly prize,  
It reflects in its mirror each bright happy hours,  
Which unwillingly too quickly flies.

Ninety-nine, we trust, on thy entrance,  
And bids us be of good cheer,  
Kindly grant us a few of our wishes,  
To meet the dear friends of last year.

You are coming amongst us a stranger,  
We lean on thy kind, gentle hand,  
Let the loved ones that's far from the homestead,  
Return to their ever loved land.

From out of the dark of the old year to-night,  
We welcome a new, happy morn,  
May happiness dwell in our hearts and homes,  
To each one and another in turn.

### WAR!

Ocean thou art gazing to-day,  
On a scene sister nation's deplore,  
Uncle Sam and the Spaniards engaged in affray,  
Thy seas will be red with their gore.

Oh, dreadful the name of two nations at war,  
Entangled together in strife,  
The sighs of the mother, the sister and brother,  
The grief of the volunteer's wife.

Oh, woeful that famed day of battle,  
April, war was declared,  
To think of cannon's loud rattle,  
And see how nobly they dared.

Frightful art thou in the hour of strife,  
Tho' a nation with staunch volunteers,  
We don't like to see Uncle Sam lose a life,  
Nor a Spaniard to shed a sad tear.

War, thou'rt terrific to dwell upon,  
Depriving brave soldiers of life,  
Think of torpedo's destruction,  
And the Spaniard's scabbardless knife.

Oh, soon may the war cry be ended,  
Let history extol in thy praise,  
May heavenly peace be extended,  
In God we trust let Thy voice raise.

#### GOLD.

Thou bright shining mineral,  
The world is at thy feet,  
Each day thou'rt valued, idolised,  
Is anything complete.

Without thy presence the world is dull,  
Commerce nothing more,  
Speculator's brain would feel a lull,  
How mighty thou art D'ore.

Precious is thy name to man,  
Mammon thou art prized by all,  
Why not you accomplish every plan,  
No matter great or small.

You're the lever that makes the world appear,  
A paradise below,  
The mighty dollar makes the scholar,  
The want the world is slow.

#### **AUTUMN.**

Autumn's stern and chilly blast,  
Serves not our rose tint bower,  
The sweetest blossom cannot last,  
Must fade, our fairest flower.



Autumn fades our foliage pale,  
As age steals youth's fair bloom,  
And oft times we are known to wail,  
For May days, Eve or June.

The cold wind moans so drear and wild,  
It bends our Iris tall,  
The tiny lily, though so mild,  
Knows plainly that 'tis fall.

While walking through our gardens,  
We see plainly pictured there,  
That ev'rything on earth must fade,  
As fades that rosebud fair.

#### TO W.

Our friendship to-day is as true as the even,  
That acquaintance was formed by us two,  
We've had bright, pleasant hours mid sunshine and showers,  
I shared them as also did you.

'Time slips along still our friendship's unshaken,  
Each year we see tot'ring pine, fade and die,  
True friendship the word can't be mistaken,  
It will live through all changes in the sweet bye-and-bye.

May prosperity guide every step of your journey,  
As onward the current of life you glide through,  
May cares be a stranger, may you ne'er be in danger,  
Are friendship's fond wishes from the writer to you.

**TO NELLIE ON HER MARRIAGE MORN.**

Dear Nellie soon the magic spell,  
That joins two hearts as one,  
In Hymen's bonds thou soon shall dwell,  
And claim thee as his own.

May thy path in life be checkardless,  
May smiles adorn thy brow,  
Is the wish of a friend till life shall end,  
Ever as 'tis now.

## EXPECTATION.

March 1894.

Twenty-one ships have steamed away,  
For the icefields from our shore,  
We trust they'll all have bumper trips,  
With harps and hood's galore.

The Neptune God of all the seas,  
Of calms and ocean foams,  
Has chance to lead the head-way,  
And be the first ship home.

The Mastiff and the Greenland,  
Left the harbor ten past two,  
Amid cheers from one another,  
In friendship staunch and true.

The Newfoundland some folk will bet,  
This spring will be in first,  
She had her chance one week ahead,  
For seals and ice doth thirst.

Others think the Aurora,  
Morning's brightest ray,  
Shall steam home from the frozen North,  
And proudly lead the way.

The Terra Nova has many friends,  
She comes from famed Dundee,  
Good luck to Caladonia,  
Wherever she may be.

The lucky Kite that bore down North,  
Peary's party to explore,  
May she fly back to land this spring,  
With peace and plenty store.

Hence to the Gulf steamed the Windsor Lake,  
Dame fortune to reveal,  
May thousands on her deck be strewn,  
Such as cannot be concealed.

The Ranger, manned with hale and strong,  
To roam the billows dark,  
Each shall have his roll of notes,  
And be cheerful as a lark.

The Iceland, Wolf and Labrador,  
The deep seas gone to try,  
Panther, Vanguard and Algerine,  
With each other doth vie.

The Leopard to our shores well known,  
Unchangeful through all time,  
May she face the narrows laden,  
As she did in eighty-nine.

The Walrus, tho' the flag half-mast,  
Did fly for brave and bold,  
Yet at the terminus of the catch,  
On white coats have a hold.

Now plumaged Falcon soar aloft,  
And bring good news to all,  
And when you come home from the ice,  
Your owner's hearts enthrall.

## TO THE S. S. PORTIA.

Was Lost off Sambro Head, July 1899.

Dear old Portia, how familiar,  
Was thy whistle to our shore,  
But Atlantic's cruel waters,  
Hushed thee still forever more.

On Sambro's rock misfortune doomed thee,  
Jealous of thy good luck,  
Submerged thee in her grudging waters,  
Not pleased to leave thee, a lame duck.

In thickest fogs thy sterling captain,  
Brought thee safely to the pier,  
In blinding storms with fury howling,  
When boats kept off did Portia dare.

Oft the deck was scenes of sadness,  
At times when friends were grieved to part,  
Other scenes were full of gladness,  
Meetings of loved ones dear to heart.

Sambro's rock has claimed thy staunch hull,  
Where many ships before were wrecked,  
None to us well known as Portia,  
How well you looked with bunting decked.

In summer's heat and winter's frost,  
Mid icebergs of terrific length,  
Careless how old ocean tossed,  
You ploughed the waves with giant strength.

The loss of good ship we all deplore it,  
But nought is that to one dear life,  
Who in his state-room calmly slumbered,  
Heedless of the danger rife.

In his sleep did water smother,  
Him to parent's hearts so dear,  
But on a visit to his father, mother,  
Alas, he sleeps in Belvidere.

Divers found the lifeless body,  
Sleeping as would nature be,  
But the spark of life had fled,  
By the ruthless, treacherous sea.

Ne'er again will thee be signalled,  
From our station on the hill,  
Where in storms of thunder, light'ning,  
They list thy whistle loud and shrill.

Good old Portia thou'lt live in mem'ry,  
As oft we view thy landing pier,  
And think of thee with thoughts most friendly,  
Tho' vanished from our midst thou'rt near.

#### THOUGHTS ON HOME.

Dear land of my boyhood I sigh for the hour,  
To return to the home I loved in my youth,  
I've strayed through far, distant lands and fair bowers,  
I've heard the Italian girl sing to her lute.



No music on earth is as sweet as the brooklet,  
That babbles and flows back of Rennie's famed mill,  
The sweet murmuring river, the Lake Quidi Vidi,  
And the clear shining moon o'er old Signal Hill.

Some nights I spend list'ning to artist's fine talent,  
In halls where by me in thousands men stand,  
I appreciate highly my chance to see gallant,  
The world's cultured singers in their own native land.

Dame fortune has showered her blessings upon me,  
I've journeyed as far as Johannesburg's shore,  
The soft wind of Africa I'll ne'er forget thee,  
Thy spicy gale oft I have sighed for galore.

A fortnight from now I expect to see tow'ring,  
The spot where observatory to Cabot will stand,  
His name and his fame will forever reign hov'ring,  
O'er the hearts and the honies of dear Newfoundland.

I've wandered through pine groves of exquisite foliage,  
 In California's orange grove daily I've strayed,  
 Oft have I list to the sweet running fountain,  
 In morning's bright sun and in even's cool shade.  
  
 Give me my home where in childhood's sweet hours,  
 Dearer to me than grandest of sights,  
 Where'er I may wander in city or wildwood,  
 Give me dear Terra Nova to her sons ever bright.

### AFFECTION.

How oft affections greeting,  
 Breath's a lullaby,  
 To a brain that grief had troubled,  
 To a heart that heaves a sigh.  
  
 Affection's touch is soothing,  
 When grief o'ercasts the brow,  
 Or when the heart is troubled,  
 Cheering in grief art thou.

Where true affection reigneth,  
Peace, contentments sure to be,  
Tho' the weary heart beat sadly,  
It will calm gradually.

Affection is as oil to troubled waters,  
And soothes a fevered brain,  
It cheers each solitary moment,  
As doth sunshine after rain.

#### HOME DEARER THAN ALL.

Great towns I've seen, on rare sights gazed,  
East and West I've travelled o'er,  
On many scenes I stood amazed,  
Admiring nature on sea and shore.

I have seen London's famous Tower,  
Of which History revels in praise,  
And Kensington's fairest bower,  
Enough the brightest eye to daze.

Scotland's manufactories vast,

Her Universities where bright lights shone,  
And monuments to hero's past,  
In memory they still live on.

The Blarney Stone on Erin's Isle,

A feature of historic romance,  
And oft it's kissed as hours while,  
Round which is thought good luck doth dance.

Dublin's fine city, her colleges of fame,

And Limerick's rich treasure of very finest lace,  
I've seen Liffy roll by moonlight,  
And Shannon when sun did grace.

Dover, its valley and lofty cliffs,

Its Castle Roman Saxon, Norman style,  
To its view the eye oft drifts,  
And enthralls mem'ry all the while.

Have I viewed the Pallace Thuilleries,  
Its statues of distinction, paintings rich and grand,  
The museums of Paris most inviting,  
The Pallace Luxenbourg would adorn any land.

I have seen Spain, bright sunny Spain,  
With her orchards in full bloom,  
I've seen the Dons enjoy the merry dance,  
I've heard the guitar tune, they seem to know no gloom,  
They are happy you can see by a mere glance.

Rome I've seen thy talent plain on canvas,  
I've seen thy cultured Sculptor's work of art,  
I've seen thy cloudless skys, I've seen thy morn sun rise,  
That seen from my eyes will ne'er depart.

In all my travels round to my eye could ne'er be found,  
A sweeter spot than Terra Nova's shore,  
Where'er my footsteps roam, my heart is always home,  
In Newfoundland where I'll rest forever more.

**GOOD-BYE !**

Good-bye, that word is sad to learn,  
Tho' oft it must be said,  
Scarce is the day that dawns o'er earth,  
But some good-bye tears are shed.

Those simple words, with what effect,  
They're ne'er said but to part,  
The meeting may ne'er come again,  
That saddened makes the heart.

If we strive to gain a port of rest,  
Where the word good-bye's not known,  
Among the faithful and the blest,  
Where all can find a home.

There's a place where no good-byes exist,  
Nor happy hearts made sore,  
If we reach that home beyond the sky,  
To that heavenly golden shore.

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